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Some of the Best Illinois High School Poetry of 1951

Selected by J. N. HOOK

University of Illinois

Nearly a thousand student-written poems were submitted to be considered for the issue of the *Bulletin* devoted to Illinois high-school poetry written in 1951. From the tall stack the editor has attempted to select those which are highest in quality. Obviously, many excellent poems had to be left out, and probably no one else would have made exactly the same choices that the editor has made.

Among the poems submitted this year were an unusually large number of parodies and other humorous verses, especially the limericks that many students have fun in composing. Some students have experimented with such exotic verse forms as clerihews (pseudo-biographical humorous verse invented by Edmund Clerihew Bentley) and tankas (five-line expanded similes or metaphors). An interesting sidelight on the poetry submitted is that this year's sophomores and juniors are so well represented and represented so well. And heartening is the apparent joy that hundreds of Illinois young people find in trying to create that elusive thing called a poem.

What is poetry? Miss Dorothy Stanley's classes in Carmi Township High School offer these suggestions:

Poetry is an expression of one's longings: a small boy wanting to fly, an old man wanting his youth. (Marty Gilpin, '54)

Poetry is as dark as the darkest shroud and as bright as the brightest star. It is like a bridge linking reality and dreamland. (Margie Gibbs, '54)

Poetry is either like a compass or like girls. Most of the time it runs you in circles. (Wilbur Hafenbrack, '54)

Poetry is the beauty, the ugliness, and the explanation of life itself. (Eleanor Large, '54)

Additional copies of this issue are available at twenty-five cents each, or twenty cents each in lots of ten or more sent to one address.

RESTLESS SPIRIT

My spirit is restless. It will not wait ;
 It beckons me to a carefree fate.
 It says "Enough of tasks and chores—
 Enough of walls and roofs and floors.
 Living life is what you need,
 But follow me and I will lead
 You past these narrow, foolish doors
 To far off wooded, sandy shores."

My spirit is thirsty to taste the sea—
 Restless to wander far with me.
 To burst beyond confining walls
 And answer to the seagull's calls.
 It takes me out upon the waves
 To the life my soul forever craves—
 Out where the wind my sail-sheet hauls
 And I must match wits with calms and squalls.

My spirit longs to watch the sun
 Slip away when day is done—
 To see it blush and pull a cloud
 Across its face and don its shroud
 Of mauve ; to see bright Venus, low,
 Shining in the afterglow—
 Through black pines the moon cast light,
 And hear the screech owl's wild goodnight.

My spirit is restless. It will not wait,
 And I would follow my carefree fate.

ANNE BOULTON, Evanston Twp. H. S., '52
 Mildred Wright, teacher

LA FEMME

A girl
 Is like a rose
 So fragile to the eye . . .
 But Nature gives to each her type
 Of thorn.

LARRY ROWE, Naperville H. S., '52
 Leona McBride, teacher

TINTED SUNLIGHT

Though lies attempt to hide your quiddity,
Conceal emotions even from yourself,
The sunlight that is 'you' will be discerned.
Through your eyes it shines,
Colored glass to give it meaning,
The stained glass of the church that is your soul.

Blue glass, blue eyes, acute, a two-edged sword,
Each clash will bring a challenge and a duel.
The penetrating blue lays bare the heart.
Blue can be soft and warm,
Dark blue of kittens, gold-flecked,
The light blue of the innocence of youth.

Green glass, green eyes, the sunlight glances through.
True thoughts and words are hidden craftily,
Deceitful more than any other shade,
Empty eyes. Is the soul so?
Cat's eyes, wicked and cruel,
They stab like steel blue, only from behind.

Grey glass, grey eyes are calm without a storm,
A safe, surrounding cloud, a place of rest.
And hazel eyes of stardust—sprinkled velvet,
Everchanging, deepening,
Lightening in their shade,
Like velvet softly smoothed this way and that.

Brown glass, brown eyes, a well of understanding,
In them forgiveness, healing, patience lie,
The eyes of peace enveloping their own,
A melody of happiness,
A depth of love,
And brown most surely were the eyes of Christ.

BARBARA GARIEPY, Lyons Twp. H. S., LaGrange, '52
Lucile Aucutt, teacher

A MAN WHO FIDDLED

Once, on a corner in Quebec City, there was a man who fiddled,
And into his open case people would drop small coins,
Or hurry by, and look the other way or mention the weather to
their companions

And well out of ear-shot, would say,

"I feel so sorry for that poor old man; he makes me cry—

But I look so silly putting money in his case."

They did not need to wait till they had passed.

He could not hear or see.

And on that corner in Quebec, younger beggars than he would steal
his few coins as he fiddled,

With a scratched, unvarnished fiddle and a loose, unrosined bow,

His wild, tumultuous melodies.

There was always something too wistful in those screeching sounds,
too savage and too longing.

Too melancholy and, somehow, too beautiful.

I would see him now on some celestial cloud, playing that same
sweet, wild, lonely melody

For children who could not sleep, or men who feared,

And I would see him now with his case filled with roses, thrown
there by grateful angels

Who saw how he lulled this world of sleepless children and fearing
men.

I would see his dull eyes shining and his sad lips smiling, as he
fiddled his lullaby.

But they say he is still there, on a corner in Quebec, fiddling,

While people drop small coins, or pass him by,

And younger beggars than he steal his coins.

Someday, I pray that he will play music to quiet my waking
children's voices, and my own fearing heart.

NANCY LIPE, West H. S., Rockford, '52
Maude Weinschenk, teacher

OH, THESE SCENES!

Cows that hang from rafters high,
Horses flying in the sky,
Carrots growing from a tree,
These scenes are reserved for me.

Snowflakes falling gravely up,
Water gushing from a cup,
Babies screaming peacefully,
Yes, these scenes are all for me.

Harpists plucking at no strings,
Paupers sporting diamond rings,
Angels gloating sinfully,
Oh, these scenes, why must they be?

I see two of every friend.
My church spires always seem to bend.
Why are these scenes just for me?
Without my glasses I can't see.

DIANE DUNCANSON, West H. S., Rockford, '52
Maude Weinschenk, teacher

CLERIHEWS

Bold Francis Drake,
When rebuked for the ships he did take,
Said, "I'll stop if I gotta."
Then he proceeded to sink the Armotta.

DICK HEMSTED, Naperville H. S., '53
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

Said our friend Harry,
"I think our daughter doesn't want to marry.
Singing's her career.
I guess I'll need more stationery, my dear."

CAROL LEE SCHRADER, Naperville H. S., '53
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

THE POET

He bares his soul before God and man.
Countless lines,
Drawn from the depths
Of a reasoning brain,
Or flowing freely
From a burdened heart
He leaves behind.
For each moment of splendid rapture
There are hours and days and years
Of anguish, longing, and melancholy ;
He knows a Poet's own kind of Hell.

But he suffers most those times
When there is no inspiration ;
When beauty, when poetry
Lies stagnant within him
And the words will not stream
From his soul, as they did before.
He strives for perfection,
But his is a lost cause.
There is no perfection
In this world of ours.

He dies ;
Perhaps, without finding
A reason for his existence.
All that remains of him
Is a book, a portrait, and a memory.
And time, unconquerable time,
Will, slowly, take these, too, away.

Perhaps there is a special Heaven
For the Poet.

COLLEEN KITZMILLER, East H. S., Rockford, '52
Adele Johnson, teacher

RAVIN'

Once upon a noon-day gleaming, sitting in a shoe-store dreaming
 Of the perfect shoe to fit my large, ungainly, cumbrous foot,
 More and more I felt embarrassed, as the salesman I harassed
 To procure that object rarest, rarest of all objects put
 On this gladsome earth of ours; of our troubles 'tis the root:
 A covering for the human foot.

As he dashed about so madly, thoughts were running wildly, gladly
 Through my head that I would presently discard the shoes I wore.
 Boxes after boxes sought he; endless variations brought he;
 Then, with misdemeanor naughty, threw the boxes on the floor,
 Gathered up his two-weeks' pay check, and went stamping out the
 door.—

He a salesman, nevermore.

MARY KATHLEEN EGAN, Trinity H. S., River Forest, '52

THE MAN WITHOUT DOUGH

(Inspired by "The Man With the Hoe")

Bowed by the weight of income tax he leans
 Upon his desk and gazes on the form,
 The emptiness, as usual, in his purse,
 And on his mind the burden of his bills.
 What made him earn—to lose it all so soon
 To one who takes but seldom does refund?
 Whose is the brain that started this red tape?
 Whose is the hand that takes his cash away?
 Collector of Internal Revenue—
 Speak up! How can you answer for this wrong?

BARBARA RIFE, Naperville H. S., '52

Leona McBride, teacher

RECOLLECTION

Oh, if I were a boy again,
 I'd barefoot walk the roads
 And dangle my toes in muddy ponds
 Then hunt for frogs and toads.
 But time has left those days behind
 And though I am a man,
 Those early days are in my heart
 To relive when I can.

EUGENE GRUNBY, Maine Twp. H. S., '53
 Paulene M. Yates, teacher

PIONEER

He thought it best
To go out West,
 To start his own career.
To find a farm
And build a barn
 With kennels in the rear.

And oh, how grand
Would be the land—
 Would be the river flow—
Would be the blaze
Through long, dark days
 When all is caked with snow.

He sheathed his knife
And kissed his wife
 And struck out on his own.
She had in mind
To stay behind
 Till he had built a home.

She stayed in town
And wore a gown—
 And never thought to pack,
While far away
Her husband lay—
 An arrow in his back.

JOE MALOF, Evanston Twp. H. S., '52
Mary L. Taft, teacher

"TRIAD"

These be
Three silent things:
The falling snow . . . the hour
Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one
Just dead.

HELENA DIETZ, Jacksonville H. S., '52
Emma Mae Leonhard, teacher

THE FORCE

I am the sea,
My pulse of life is regular and rhythmic
As I beat, beat
On the high rocks.
They stand majestic,
High and majestic,
As a tall half-God surveying his domain.
They grow old and crumble,
And are no more
Under my relentless fist.
I am invincible, immortal,
I am the sea.

I am the sea.
The sharp wind has stung me,
The hot sun has warmed me,
Yet a hunger surges within, ruthless.
I am venomous and cruel,
With treacherous softness that disarms and lulls.
Beware puny man in hollow wood!
I creep up and slap my huge arms together
And splinters fly
And men die.
I care not.
I am uncontrollable, barbaric,
I am the sea.

RICHARD JOHN, Crete-Monee H. S., '52
Robert Mahlberg, teacher

WINTER'S ORDER

One day King Winter said to Jack Frost,
"Make me a coat, no matter the cost.
I want its beauty to surpass all others;
Give it the lightness of down, the softness of mothers.
Color it white like pure, fresh milk.
Weave in a texture as fine as silk.
Line it with silence, let diamonds show."
Jack thought for a moment—then created snow.

VERLEE RUSSELL, Thornton Twp. H. S., Harvey, '53
Orpha Raglin, sponsor

THE CYNIC

The snow is white and crisp when new,
And still is pretty when it's old ;
But I don't care about its looks—
I'm too darned cold !

It lies so smooth, like frosted glass,
So clean, so pure, so crystal white.
This beauty has no charm for me—
I'll have to shovel it tonight !

BILL RAPP, Peoria H. S., '54
Emily E. Rice, teacher

A STORM

Blue skies are filled with billowy clouds ;
Angels are singing.
The warm breeze is softly humming.

A gray mist appears and covers the laughing blue sky ;
The angels hush their singing.
Now a cool breeze is whistling.

Raindrops tinkle ;
Lightning flashes ;
Thunder rolls ;
Then it crashes.

The storm reaches its crescendo.
The wind is screaming ;
The rain is drumming ;
Lightning, flashing.

Then . . . quiet.
The rain stops.
A cool wind hums again
As thunder applauds in the distance.
Angels place a rainbow in the once more laughing sky.
God's great concert has ended.

LEE HUBER, Bloomington H. S., '53
Effie Sutton, teacher

RAIN

Rain is like sorrow.
It falls hard and cold without discrimination
Upon each in turn.

Rain is dreary.
Like a death wail as the rhythmic beats
Hammer the roof tops.

Rain is lonesome.
Each drop falls faster, searching, searching
For Someone to love.

Rain has no future
But to fall, endlessly fall, at last
Only to be swallowed by the earth.

Yet Rain is good,
And life shall not succeed without it,
Without the endless rain.

GLENALEE ROBERDS, Lawrenceville H. S., '52
Virginia Hanna, teacher

RAIN

The soft
Rain fell upon
Me standing there and I
Was glad I was alive and could
Get wet.

ELAINE SIDEN, East H. S., Rockford, '53
Adele Johnson, teacher

WHERE?

The rain droned listlessly.
To the child, the rain danced
Like puppets in an endless chain.
Where is the line drawn so fine
That one ceases to see it
As puppets and sees it only
As rain?

BETSEY MCCOY, West H. S., Rockford, '52
Maude Weinschen, teacher

NIGHT

Night is the final curtain
On the stage of day ;
A freeing of the actors of the world.

And as the lovely strains of a nocturne fall,
Trees and shadows weave
Back and forth
In graceful rhythm.

The darkness encloses the caterpillar day
In a silken cocoon of silent black.

The sun has forsaken the world,
And the moon is king,
Reigning in cold silence ;
Like diamonds the stars glitter round him
Bedecking him in royal splendor.

Strange forms dance
In swirling mists ;
A general of stormy mien races across the heavens
With weapons of thunder and lightning—
Over the deep, dark whirlpool of a sea
That was once calm.

Then from the very pit of darkness
Dawn bursts forth again
As a butterfly from its shell.

Written by a sophomore class of LaSalle-Peru Twp. H. S.

SPRING

Spring
Casts prismatic colors
Over winter's gloom and leaves
A pot of gold as rainbows after
Rain.

CAROL DALTON, Maine Twp. H. S., '53
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

MY YEAR

A robin's song,
A child's cry,
A girl's sigh;
Spring.

The sun's gold,
The sky's blue,
The rose's dew;
Summer.

The leaves turn,
The wind blows,
A hint of snows;
Autumn.

A drifted hill,
Snowflake lace,
A Christmas face;
Winter.

REGINA O'BRIEN, West H. S., Aurora, '54
Louise Lane, teacher

DEFENDERS

Follow on, O mighty men;
Trail your battle-weary leader;
You, I mean with iron beards!
You, I mean with fuzzy cheeks!

If there always must be war,
There will always be defenders.
Follow on, O mighty men,
Down that hard and brutal pathway;
For it is you who keep us free!
And it is we who follow after!

NICK KREST, Camp Point H. S., '53
Helen Wickliffe, teacher

NIGHT THOUGHTS OF A SOLDIER IN KOREA

(A parody on some lines from Macbeth)

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow—
What will that day reveal, as the sun
Finally will rise from its heavenly bed?
Will it be like today and yesterday
And all the days before? Out, out to
The battlefields, where many of my buddies
Lie, in peaceful sleep. No more to fight
For things they love or love the things
For which they fought. I hear the sound
And fury of some distant cannon roar.
I know it's time to go. Oh, God, please,
Give me the strength, courage
And faith, to face another tomorrow.

GAYE STREID, Bloomington H. S., '53
May English, teacher

LIKE THE RUNNING WATER

Like the running water, our men must go and die;
the time must pass.
Like the giant glaciers, the present is
abandoned, forgotten.
These men and their deeds are like the rapids
in an evermoving world;
The evermoving waterfalls rushing by,
never slowing.

Yet, like the sun, life goes on . . .
for the future.
And, like the sun, there is a glory . . .
neverending. . .

ELLENA BARBAGALLO, West H. S., Rockford, '52
Maude Weinschenk, teacher

GROWTH?

The small boy aims his dimestore gun,
Shoots,
And cries out to the enemy "You're dead!"
Because he is not so strong,
Or swift,
Or perhaps his gun is not quite so sly,
Or his aim not quite so true,
Or maybe it is just the other's day
To die.
For these are the things that count in a little boy's world
On Saturday afternoon
When from behind a rock or house or tree
A boy with dirty hands, following a strong man idol
Or a stronger man, Custom,
Proves his might,
His worth,
His place in the world
With a piece of dumb metal.

Soon the boy, bored, will drop his gun,
And wash his hands,
And grow
And learn to live and love,
Only to play another Saturday afternoon game
With nations.

DIANE VREULS, Maine Twp. H. S., '52
Anne Lauterbach, teacher

CYRANO DE BERGERAC LIVES

Somewhere he lives, fighting clouds, laughing with moonbeans,
Happy at last, entertaining God alone,
His dreams come true, his head held high,
Still wearing—his white plume.

BILL WHITEHALL, University H. S., Normal, '52
Verna Hoyman, teacher

SOLITUDE

The night is strangely lonely
For without you
I am lost.

MARY ANN MARGWORTH, Effingham H. S., '52
Mary Burtschi, teacher

TIME ELEMENT

Love has been called such a number of things
By poets and writers and such,
That I doubt if my poor, paltry views on the stuff
Could influence anyone much.

Some liken true love to a bright burning flame,
A glimmer, an ember, a glow,
A shimmering madness of passion intense,
And yet, there are those who say, "No!"

These folks (and their number is legion, I'm sure)
Dismiss with a flick of the wrist
The thought that true love, out of stories and such,
Could possibly ever exist.

"What's love?" they will sneer with a cynical smile.
"Just a made-up kid's story with rules
That causes two people alone for a while
To act like a couple of fools."

Which one of these views has the truth on its side
I haven't the knowledge to say.
It seems to depend less on stern, rigid fact
Than it does on the time of the day.

For in hard light of morning, it's easy to think
"Why, how foolish to mope and to sigh!"
But just try that same phrase on a soft, starlit night
(With a cynical look in your eye).

LAIL LEWIS, Thornton Twp. H. S., Harvey, '52
Orpha Raglin, sponsor

THE TALE OF THE JADIORAY

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll)

The Cadora was scrubby gibuous,
 And he went on his yilligy way.
 But then he stopped in frufal surprise,
 When he saw the Jadoray!

The creature was mald and gady,
 His corkles were all poday.
 He was a rillish creature,
 This horrible Jadoray.

The Cadora was not frightened;
 The jorp wouldn't scare him away.
 He went up quash and then he said,
 "Shoosh, foo, scat, Jadoray!"

Fruve, boys and girls, don't be frightened;
 You can see the Jadoray.
 Just turn to the frash test patterns
 On your TV set some day!

DOROTHY CARTER, Barrington Consolidated H. S., '54
 Maude Strauss, teacher

A BASIC LAW

'Tis a Principle more profound than the law of Archimedes
 That arrayed in suits or togas young men like young ladies.
 So this eternal truth
 Will be understood
 In ancient Rome or modern Duluth
 I rearrange the two-lined tome
 Into this simple elementary poem:
 Fellas
 Prefer
 Puellas.

ANN DARTSCH, Bloom Twp. H. S., Chicago Heights, '52
 Sara J. Fernald, teacher

EMOTIONS

Joy is first.
It is a bright bubble,
Too easily broken
By the sharp jab
Of a tear.
Loneliness is a desert
With one oasis,
A friendly smile.
Melancholy is a sad-eyed pup
Whose tail will wave
Only when he feels the sunshine
Of a scratch behind his ears.
But, love is last.
It is a stained glass window,
That glows on
Even after the sun has gone to rest

ELLEN BLOODWORTH, Niles Twp. H. S., '52
Priscilla Baker, teacher

HEIRLOOMS

Careful!
Don't sit on that chair—
It was Aunt Minnie's,
You know.
Ah, ah! Don't touch
That vase.
It belonged to Grandma Carter.
Be careful!
Don't walk on that field—
It's been there
Since the start of time.

CHARLES NAGEL, Lyons Twp. H. S., LaGrange, '52
Grace Doherty, teacher

JOE

Who's this, Son?
This is Joe, Mom,
And he's my best friend.

What's his last name, Son?
Oh, it's much too hard for me to say;
But his first name's Joe,
And he's my best friend.

Where did he come from, Son?
He came from somewhere across the sea;
And his name is Joe, and he said he'd be
My best friend.

Where's his church, Son?
It's different from ours, Mom.
But he loves God, and his name is Joe;
And he's my best friend.

His skin's different, Son.
Is it, Mom?
His heart's the same, and Joe's his name,
And he's my best friend.

VIRGINIA LISTON, Bloomington H. S., '53
May English, teacher

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

From Yakutsk came Iwanowich
Into this land.

He did not come to strike it rich,
Nor to command.

The first deed of Iwanowich
Was very smart.

He changed his name to John B. Rich.
That was his start.

Oh, he learned fast, first history,
Then better speech ;

And soon he was a mystery :
A seedless peach.

Our Uncle Sam heard of the man.
He called him in,

And soon he drove a new sedan
In West Berlin.

JOACHIM GOEBEL (a recent arrival from Germany)
Bloomington H. S., '52
Lorraine Kraft, teacher

DOGS AND FLEAS

They say that fleas were made for dogs,
But I don't think that's true.
My dog has fur that's long and black
And fleas would make him blue !

JIM JUCKER, Peoria H. S., '54
Emily E. Rice, teacher

THE DISTANT DOOR

The empty sound of footsteps
Clacking on the tiles,
The rows of blank-faced lockers
Marching on for miles.

One solemn light reflecting
A dull gleam on the floor ;
You walk, a huge lone figure
To find the distant door.

CAROLINE WILD, Evanston Twp. H. S., '52
Mary L. Taft, teacher

LIMERICKS

I once knew a girlie named Shirley
Who had hair that just wouldn't stay curly.
So she took her baton
To roll it up on,
And now ev'ry turly is twirly.

MARY ALICE HALL, Naperville H. S., '53
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

There once was a girl named Sue.
One day she went to the zoo.
She leaned over too far
And the door was ajar.
Now visitors watch her, too.

JOYCE WRIGHT, East H. S., Rockford, '53
Adele Johnson, teacher

There once was a girl named Bet
Who kept a huge snake for a pet.
Her friends heard a slurp,
The snake gave a burp,
And they haven't found Bet as yet.

JIM SOLOMON, Peoria H. S., '54
Emily E. Rice, teacher

There once was a young man named Jack,
Who fell down and injured his back.
Now to his dismay
Though his back is okay,
He carries his teeth in a sack.

DORIS PAULSON, East H. S., Rockford, '53
Adele Johnson, teacher

My boy friend vows never to bathe
Until he has had his first shave.
I hope he gets Duz-zy
Before he gets fuzzy
Or he can go live in a cave.

CAROL LYNN SCHULER, Naperville H. S., '53
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

There once was a man with some money,
Who met a sweet little honey.

She wanted a mink,
He just didn't think,
And now he's so poor it ain't funny.

BETTY HILTENBRAND, Naperville H. S., '53
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

There once was a can of sardines
That were fed to a group of marines.
But the sardines weren't dead.
They swam 'round instead.
And stirred up the corn and the beans.

DAN DAMON, Peoria H. S., '54
Emily E. Rice, teacher

PARLIAMENTARY PROBLEMS

Parliamentary Procedure—
By hook or by crook,
I'll learn it tonight
Or I'll wear out the book.

I struggle and writhe
And practically weep,
Why, soon I'll be mumbling
"I move" in my sleep.

A precedence problem:
Which first takes its turn,
"I move we amend" or
"I move we adjourn"?

I simply can't learn it,
I'll give up the fight,
And "lay on the table"
These rules for tonight.

PRISCILLA NOBLE, Lyons Twp. H. S., LaGrange, '53
Kay Keefe, teacher

TANKAS

A symphony is
like a little brook which first
flows slowly. Then with
a mighty crescendo it
comes to a stormy ending.

MARILYN VEITH, Naperville H. S., '53
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

Life is like a book.
You start at the beginning,
Progress to the end,
Living each precious chapter
Between preface and finis.

DOROTHY KLINE, Naperville H. S., '53
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

Trains are like thunder.
They come with a rumbling sound.
The sparks from their brakes
And the light from their windows
Look like lightning at night.

NORMAN PETERSON, Naperville H. S., '53
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

Trees are
Timeless soldiers,
Battered, torn by winds, yet
Living on with memories of the
Past.

LONNY LUNDE, Maine Twp. H. S., '53
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

A MYSTERY

It's always a puzzle for me to see
The amazing amount of work
That minds sublime can get done in time
And minds like my mind shirk.

CAROLINE WILD, Evanston Twp. H. S., '52
Mary L. Taft, teacher

EXPERIENCED TO BEGINNER

(With apologies to Langston Hughes)

Now, son, you listen to me.
 I ain't no Professor Einstein, you know ;
 School for me wasn't no breeze,
 It had the rough spots,
 And problems—
 You couldn't come near to countin 'em all—
 Like algebra tests,
 And them English themes I was always behind on.
 Science was my downfall.
 Never did know what an atom was.
 Teachers they all 'spect you to be a genius.
 I never did reach that golden goal.
 Now, boy, you'll find your way strewn with broken rulers,
 And jagged pencil points, and worn erasers many.
 But don't you give up, though.
 Look where I am,
 A tired old miner in an almost forgotten coal field,
 But then I never was no Professor Einstein.

CLETUS VAN DRESER, East Alton-Wood River H. S., '54
 Helen Christoe, teacher

LAMENT

Where have ye gone, ye fairy folk—
 Ye white-armed nymphs and awful gods?
 Where now the magic snake-twined rods,
 The dryad's ancient mossy oak?
 Where fled Athena's eyes of smoke,
 Where all the merry country clods
 Loud cheering Bacchus' drunken nods?
 And where Apollo's fiery yoke,
 Or where is Vulcan's glowing forge?
 Where hides that bane of Theseus' land,
 The Minotaur, with maid-swol'n gorge?
 Where Agamemnon's surging hordes,
 Trampling bloody Trojan sand?
 Are they all quite fled, this fairy band?

CAROL CLEMEAU, Glenbard Twp. H. S., Glen Ellyn, '53
 Helen McConnell, teacher

PRAYER TO THE LORD POSEIDON

"Poseidon, lord that rocks the earth,
Defend me now, a poor worn man,
Who many years has wandered far
Across the depths of your great sea.

* * *

Green sailors' idol, King of seas,
With seaweed cloak and rusty staff,
Send peace at last to me and mine!"

* * *

The angry god in raging gusts
Dashed hard the waves against the rocks;
The earth he sawed with all his strength
And rocked Odysseus' boat until
Its lonely sail sank in the spume
Like scattered bits of fine white sand.

* * *

Thus prayers meant nothing to this god;
He knew not what forgiveness meant,
And so he growled and lashed the waves
And sank Odysseus' ship and men.

BETSY REICHENBACH, Evanston Twp. H. S., '52
Mary L. Taft, teacher

THE CROOKED LITTLE PATH

Over the hill and into the region beyond
goes the crooked little path
that is our life.

* * *

The path winds on, through good and bad
and we must go on
until we reach the end.

* * *

At last we see a shining light—
the path has ended.
We have reached our goal.

MARTHA A. GUYER, Kansas H. S., '52
Mrs. Arthur Bennett, teacher

WINDOWS

Wherever there
Is a window
There is hope.
And someday—
When fashion decrees
That there
Shall be no windows,
Then hope too
Will be gone.

RHETA OLSEN, Maine Twp. H. S., '52
Anne Lauterbach, teacher

HISTORY

My life
Is in your hands
As it was in the hands of your father.
And of his father before him.
I have weathered
Countless ages.
I was born when God said:
"Let there be light."
And my death, like my birth,
Shall come at His command.
I am old
And I am wise,
But generation after generation
Has not heeded my counsel.
They have made the same errors
As their fathers.

Please!
Hark to my words.
Remember, my life
Is in your hands.

JEAN HARVEL, Peoria H. S., '54
Emily E. Rice, teacher

TOMORROW

I walk
Alone.
Yet am I?

Behind
They echo.
Low, padded footfalls
Stealthy footfalls
Mystic, muffled footfalls
Follow after.

I stop.
Silence.
I hurry on, faster
They follow after
Hurrying, with quickened pace
Even nearer.

Always
Footfalls!
Am I a cowering idiot?
And yesterday they seemed so near.
Today—even nearer!
I dread to think
Of tomorrow.

EDWARD LEHMAN, Niles Twp. H. S., '52
Priscilla Baker, teacher

A GNOME

There hides
Within the soul
Of man, a gnome who cries
Destruction—and Anger is his
Evil name.

SHIRLEY BORDNER, East H. S., Rockford, '53
Adele Johnson, teacher

THE CIRCLE

We spend our lives waiting.
We wait to be born,
and cry when we are.
The child, like some adults, waits for a new toy,
waits impatiently and tires quickly.
The kid waits longingly to wear high heels or long pants,
thinking thereby to make himself grown up.
The teen-ager waits dreamily for his big future,
rushing, giving life a push now and then.
The young man and woman wait for each other,
and dream of a house and children who will wait in their turn.
The adult waits condescendingly, pessimistically,
knowing, half expecting disappointment.
Only the very old know, out of experience, how to wait patiently
for what is to come. . . .

GAILOR LONGWORTH, Maine Twp. H. S., '52
Anne Lauterbach, teacher

WE GIVE OUR THANKS

We raise our thanks, dear Lord, to Thee,
For all the lovely things we see:
For sun that each new day will bring
And all the gladness of the spring.
For flowers and fruit and kindly trees,
Green grasses and butterflies and bees,
For all the happy little things,
Each rose that blooms, each bird that sings.

We give our thanks, dear Lord, for care,
For kindness, warmth, and books to share,
For creamy milk and crusty bread,
For cozy blankets on our bed,
For mothers dear and fathers tall,
For all the fun of being small,
For earth, for sea, for sky above.
But most we thank Thee for Thy love.

JUANITA SHUMAKER, Canton H. S., '54
Mrs. Orpha Stutsman, teacher

ANGELS' SHAWLS

In and out her needle goes,
Mending all the tattered clothes.
Gnarled old hands are never still;
They sew on and on until
One day the Master calls
Them up to knit the angels' shawls.

WILLIAM WATTS, Thornton Twp. H. S., Harvey, '51
Orpha Raglin, sponsor

DEFINITION

Youth is something that walks in puddles
Without its galoshes on,
And runs just for the sake
 of running
In a wild March wind.
Youth can't sit still in
 the movies,
Or come down stairs one at a time.
It rings a doorbell
 twice
When once will do,
And it has to eat
 peanut butter sandwiches
Just before dinner time.
It is up at 5 A. M. on Sunday mornings,
And becomes galvanized with
 superhuman energy at bedditime.
Youth loses its mittens
And finds a great, enchanted world,
Impregnable to adults,
Where dreams are realities,
And success comes riding in cowboy boots
 on a snow white stallion;
Where adventure hides behind
 a closed door,
And a minute is not
 the sixtieth part of an hour,

But an episode in a serial
 much more thrilling
Than that at the neighborhood movie.
Youth is something very dear
 to God
Because it is
 idealistic,
 sentimental ;
Because it has faith
And will not give up.

Youth is really poetry,
 because poetry
Is a beautiful thought
 beautifully expressed :
The thought is Life,
And Youth is
 the expression.

CLAIRE WOOD, Trinity H. S., River Forest, '52

HONORABLE MENTION

Aurora (West H. S.): "Limerick," by Anne Caughey (Louise Lane).

Bloomington: "Together," by Sybil Stern, and "Sally," by Margaret Armes (Lorraine Kraft); "The Clock," by Peggy Nelson (May English).

Chicago (Carl Schurz H. S.): "Christmas," by Dorothy Moyzis (Eleene Minnis).

Chicago Heights (Bloom Twp. H. S.): "Clouds," by Gary Lau.

Cicero (J. Sterling Morton H. S.): "Volley Stone," by Mozelle Mika, and "The Little Ballerinas," by Mildred Naxera (Marjorie Diez).

East Alton-Wood River: "Enough Splatter to Matter," by Dana Mead, "If You Were God," by Emmaline Schneider, and "Indian Summer," by Jerry Veach (Helen Christoe).

Evanston: "The Christmas Star," by Jennifer Waide (Helen Montgomery); "Out of Gas," by Carol McCarthy, and "Summer's End," by Jeannette Prietsch (Mary L. Taft).

Glen Ellyn (Glenbard Twp. H. S.): "Sonnet of a Sea-Day," "Sonnet," "Ode to Some Seashells," and "The Book," by Carol Clemeau (Helen McConnell).

Harvard: "In Solitude," by Howard Lane (Margaret Broderick).

Harvey (Thornton Twp. H. S.): "Who Pays the Price?" by Lucille Degenhart, "Time," by Mary Stewart, and "A Negro's Prayer," by Rosanna Williams (Orpha Raglin, sponsor).

Jacksonville: "Black," by Bud Halter (Emma Mae Leonhard).

Kansas: "A Merry Ride," by Bill Arbogast (Mrs. Arthur Bennett).

LaGrange (Lyons Twp. H. S.): "The Gremlin," by Judy Meek, and "Desolation," by Nancy Holmes (Norma Jordan).

LaSalle-Peru: "My Son," by Jean Grant (Ethel S. Bugbee).

Lawrenceville: "Autumn" and "Life and Death," by Dean Pinkstaff (Virginia Hanna).

Milford: "The Captain Remembers," by Dorothy Sobkoviak (Elizabeth Heiland).

Naperville: "My Conscience," by Clark Taylor, and "The Village Barber," by Roger Smith (Leona McBride); "The Curse," by Richard Uebele, "Sounds," by Dick Hemsted, "Reflection," by Ned Hawbecker, and limericks or tankas by Carolyn Riedy, Jerry Phillips, and Carol Harris (Dorothy Scroggie).

Niles Twp. H. S.: "Winter Night," by Connie Creden, "Song of Days," by Bill Beyer, and "Worship on an Empty Stomach," by Barbara Black (Priscilla Baker).

Normal: "Verse for Children," by Lou Ann Unzicker (Ruth Stroud).

Park Ridge (Maine Twp. H. S.): "To You—Ballerina," by Laurel Thon, "Car Song," "Fishers," and "Boulevard," by Diane Vreuls, "Winter Moon," by Marjorie Diemecke, and "Forsaken," by Rheta Olsen (Anne Lauterbach); six poems by Paula Gibbs, and "To the Sea," by Marilyn Foster (Paulene M. Yates).

Peoria: "Winds," by Audrie Suffield, "Dewdrops," by Jean Harvel, and "Our Attic," by Patsy Cottingham (Emily E. Rice).

River Forest (Trinity H. S.): "Day-Dreamer's Holiday," by Anne McMahon, "The Daze After Christmas," by Ann Sullivan, "The Fate of a Flirt" and "Parable—Slightly Modern," by Joan Jackson.

Rockford (East H. S.): "To Night," by Colleen Kitzmiller, "Winter Magic," by Nancee Clark, and "To Helen Keller," by Jerry Ferm (Adele Johnson).

Rockford (West H. S.): "A Reflection," by Richard T. Rehwald (Clarissa Rudelius); "Pansy," by Adele Monterastelli, "Sand," by Norma Lampson, "What's in a Name," by Betty Northam, "Down in the Valley," by C. A. A. Gregory, "Broken Love," by Elena Barbagallo, "Faith," by Myrta Bartlett, "Symphony of America," by Thomas Johnston, and "Moon Child," by Betsey McCoy (Maude Weinschenk).